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Saturday, July 19, 1885

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Two Men Drowned.—A very unfortunate occurrence, resulting in the death by drowning of two young men, and the narrow escape of other two, has just occurred at Sandstone. The four men, three joiners and a mason by trade—viz., Wm. Sutherland, Peter Brown, and James Macdonald, joiners, and David Angus, mason, all engaged at the new manse at Healy—had gone to the rocks, after their day's work was over, to catch sillocks, as the mason, while so engaged a sudden surf was thrown ashore, and carried three of them off, the fourth managing to cling to the rocks till wave receded. Two of them were almost immediately drowned (Peter Brown and David Angus), and the third was saved by other, on recovering his feet, extending to him his fishing-rod, with which he was with great difficulty drawn ashore, considerably exhausted. The alarm was at once given, and a search made for the bodies of the unfortunate men, but it was not till the next morning that that of David Angus was found. He belonged to Olrig port to which the body was taken. The body of Brown has not yet been got. When the accident occurred the tide was flowing, and frequently happens on the rocks at Frigose Head, where a calamity occurred, that in the finest weather huge waves suddenly thrown in from the Atlantic, and fishermen and the acquainted with the locality are exceedingly cautious in standing on the reef. The sufferers on this occasion being strangers, they were naturally ignorant of the risk they ran in venturing on the rocks with a flowing tide.—*Northern Ensign.*

RY CASE OF CHILD MURDER.

Mr. Justice Keating, Mary Jane Harris, the Winner, 45, were placed at the bar on a charge of the murder of her child, Thomas Edward Gibson Harris, on the 12th of December last. The prisoners were not called upon to give evidence. The case was heard before a jury on this charge at the last assizes before the judge, and on that occasion for twelve o'clock on a Saturday night, as they were going to her house, and yet she left her child with her, and wished it to live. Farmer Nicholls, the father of the child, she added, allowed me something for the child, but not after it went to the prisoner's. I had had a few words with Nicholls, and had had 3s. 6d. a week for a previous child. I had known Nicholls seven years. I never had but those two children. I never took anything to procure abortion. The intercourse was carried on for six years and a half. Although the prisoner told me of so many murders, yet I trusted my child with her when the other refused to take it. I did not go into the bedroom to prevent it being killed, as she had filled my mind up, and I was led away by her. I used to go to church, but not after this had occurred. My conscience has induced me to speak the truth. I do not expect to be pardoned. I don't know what is to be done with me. The witness gave her evidence with great calmness, but her statement created the greatest sensation in a very crowded court. The prisoner sobbed bitterly when Mr. Carter stated that he should call Harris, and was detailing some facts of the evidence she would give. It evidently took her by the greatest surprise.

The medical evidence went to show that the symptoms exhibited in the child picked up were consistent with death having been caused by either exposure to cold or suffocation. In either case the symptoms would be much alike.

Mr. Carter then summed up the case for the prosecution, contending that the guilt of the prisoner had been established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Fokard addressed the jury in defence of the prisoner Winner, contending that it had not been clearly proved that the child found was the child of the woman Harris. The body, if murdered when Harris said that it was, would have been decomposed when found, seven days after. The body found was not decomposed in the least. This, he thought, proved beyond doubt that the child found was not the child of Harris. He thought the evidence of Harris should not be taken as truth, uncorroborated as it was in every particular. He also commented upon the absence of motive on the part of Winner, contending that she had a direct interest in keeping it alive, as she would then receive 3s. 6d. per week for its keep. It had not been proved that any amount of money beyond 1s. 6d. had been given by Harris to the prisoner. He suggested whether Harris had not taken the child away from Winner's, and whether she did not tell the prisoner that she was going to take it to her aunt's on the moor.

His lordship summed up the case very minutely. He said the jury should not believe the evidence of an accomplice, except that evidence was corroborated in some material particular. That the witness Harris stood in the position of an accomplice was beyond all doubt, and seldom had ears heard more hideous revelations than those made in the box by Harris. She had placed herself before them as the murderer of her child, and could the facts she stated have been proved by independent witnesses, undoubtedly she would have stood in the same position as the prisoner at the bar. Notwithstanding the taint that attached to Harris, if they thought her evidence was materially corroborated, they must find the prisoner guilty. His lordship then read over the evidence to the jury very minutely, drawing their attention to the parts which particularly bore against the prisoner. His summing up occupied two hours.

The jury retired, and after an hour and a half absence returned, and, in answer to the clerk of the assize, the foreman said the jury found the prisoner "Guilty."

His lordship then assumed the black cap, and passed sentence of death upon the prisoner, cautioning her not to hope for any mercy, but to prepare her soul for death. The prisoner cried convulsively during the passing of the sentence.

A SCOTCH VERSION OF THE ROAD MURDER.—An Edinburgh paper writes:—"The house at Road-hill was too evidently entirely isolated from all around it. It was not on visiting terms with its neighbours—or its neighbours, we should say, with it. For a long time previous to the murder of Francis Saville Kent, the place, one would say, was haunted. The story, we believe, was a simple one. At a time when the late Mrs. Kent, the mother of Constance, was a hopeless invalid, Mr. Kent in the course of his factory inspection saw the present Mrs. Kent and loved her. She was then a mill girl of extraordinary personal attractions; and Mr. Kent placed her at a boarding-school for a period which proved too brief, and afterwards introduced her, while only half-educated herself, as governess in his own family. The girls Kent, we need hardly say, despised her; but the two elder had the good sense to conceal or control their contempt. Not so this unhappy Constance. She herself was better informed on most points than her so-called governess—whom, immediately on her mother's death, her father presented as stepmother. Her elder sisters had the same feeling, but they, unlike herself, had the prudence or piety to disguise it. She came into the family a half-educated mill-girl; the mother was still lying sick; by and by the mother died; and now the mill-girl suddenly became the second Mrs. Kent, a stepmother; the whole thing was abundantly clear. Constance alone rebelled. Constance, we believe, had rebelled against this kind of thing all along. Of the last days of her mother we know nothing—beyond the single fact that they were consoled by the woman who had already been fixed upon as her successor, and who took her place at the head of the family immediately on the demise of the mother. Then a child was born. The second marriage became a profligate one. And Constance had the imprudence to revile. The punishment inflicted by her stepmother was to perform the menial offices of the household. One day, we are informed, she was ordered to scrub out the nursery, and, on refusing, was lashed with a horsewhip until what is called 'broken in.' She got on her knees, with her back in livid welts, and washed out the nursery floor, but that very night the child was removed, and shewed, with its throat cut, down the privy. This, we believe, is all. Miss Constance Kent says she herself did it, and we have no reason to doubt her word."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Two men drowned.—A very sad occurrence, resulting in the death by drowning of two young men, and the narrow escape of other two, has just occurred at Sandaids. The four men, three joiners and a mason by trade—viz., Wm. Sutherland, Peter Brown, and James Macdonald, joiners, and David Angus, mason, all engaged at the new manse at Keay—had gone to the rocks, after their day's work was over, to catch sillocks, and while so engaged a sudden surf was thrown ashore, and carried three of them off, the fourth managing to cling to the rocks till the wave receded. Two of them were almost immediately drowned (Peter Brown and David Angus), and the third was saved by the other, on recovering his feet, extending to him his fishing-rod, with which he was with great difficulty drawn ashore, considerably exhausted. The alarm was at once given, and a search made for the bodies of the unfortunate men, but it was not till the next morning that that of David Angus was found. He belonged to Olrig parish, to which the body was taken. The body of Brown has not been got. When the accident occurred the tide was flowing, and it frequently happens on the rocks at Friggo Head, where this calamity occurred, that in the finest weather huge waves are suddenly thrown in from the Atlantic, and fishermen and those acquainted with the locality are exceedingly cautious in standing on the reef. The sufferers on this occasion being strangers, they were naturally ignorant of the risk they ran in venturing on the rocks with a flowing tide.—Northern Ensign.

THE EXECUTION OF DR PRITCHARD, THE POISONER. A MORE DECOROUS and orderly crowd never met on such an occasion than those of the early morning of Friday, July 28 at Glasgow. About half-past five one mounted on a table at the outskirts of the crowd, and drew all eyes, not only by the exuberant strength of his lungs, but by a ghastly-looking banner or cloth raised beside him, on which was painted in white letters on a black ground, "Prepare to meet thy God." "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and one surely *mal a propos* quotation, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." After this person addressed the crowd a short time, his place was taken by the Rev. Mr. Howie, and he in his turn gave place to another gentleman. A hymn was subsequently sung, in which, rising above the prevailing buzz, the pathetic treble of female voices could be heard joining in. Prayer and exhortation followed, in the course of which, if the mass paid little attention, they preserved a decorous silence. The disposition of the crowd was entirely peaceable, but much of the regularity and order kept was due to the excellent police arrangements, nearly the whole of the force, under the direction of Captain Smart and Mr. McCall, keeping guard around the barricades. So the throng continued till shortly before eight o'clock, swelling immensely in extent after seven o'clock, and losing much of the quiet that prevailed at first. Thousands upon thousands streamed in from all quarters. The square was covered by a dense mass, which surged to and fro in one sweeping wave of motion, in which individuals must have been powerless. Away up Saltmarket, and along Grandyke-street, the throng became more and more dense. The preachers had disappeared, the crowd being intolerant of the room they occupied. Shouts, tumultuous murmurs, the shrieks of women jammed amid the crush, and innumerable inarticulate cries arose. Not fewer, it is calculated, than 100,000 people were present by eight o'clock. So the hubbub grew more and more till about five minutes past eight, when, touched by some quick-spreading rumour, that told them the fellow creature whose death they had come to witness was about to die, they became hushed almost instantaneously into complete silence. The shout of "Off hats" was raised, all heads were uncovered, and a sea of white faces gleamed upward toward the scaffold, on which presently appeared the main feature of the spectacle.

Notwithstanding the very serious position in which he was placed, the convict slept soundly, not awaking till half-past five, when he was supplied with some coffee at his own request. Having dressed in the same mourning clothes in which he was attired when arrested after resigning from the funeral of his wife, he engaged in prayer, in which he continued almost incessantly, except when occupied in reading religious books. He seemed in spirits to be more sprightly than on any morning since his conviction. The Rev. Mr. Duran joined him shortly after he rose from bed, and continued with him until he was joined by the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod and the Rev. Mr. Oldham. At twenty minutes to eight o'clock, two letters, as if just received through the post-office, were brought in, and they were taken by Mr. Brown, the keeper of the prison, apparently to the condemned cell, as he proceeded through the trap-door. At eight o'clock precisely Bailie Brown took his seat on the bench occupied by the judge at trial, and was followed by Bailie Gilmison, Buchanan, Wilson, Taylor, Milne, and Salmon; and also by Mr. Turner, town clerk, and Mr. West Watson, chamberlain. All was now intense anxiety, a solemn stillness prevailing through every part of the Court-house. This was at last broken by Governor Stirling coming through the trap-door at six minutes past eight o'clock. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Oldham, Dr. Macleod, and the Rev. Dr. Doran, the prison chaplain, by Pritchard himself, and by Calcraft. Before they appeared in the court their approach was heard by many of those present by the reading of the burial service, the last part of which finished just as Mr. Stirling had taken his place on the floor of the court. The arms of the convict were pinioned with leathern straps in front. He walked with a steady step, keeping his head somewhat erect, and took his place on the area of the Court-house, fronting the table at which the counsel, when conducting criminal cases, sit, so as to stand face to face with the presiding bailie. After a painful pause of a few moments, Bailie Brown addressed the convict, but in tones so inaudible that it could not be heard by him or by the great body of those present. Mr. Stirling, on seeing this, considerably stepped up to him, and whispered to him that it was if he had anything to say, to which Pritchard, in a voice of great sweetness, and in which there was not a tremor, answered in low tones, "I acknowledge the justice of my sentence." A brief few words then passed between him and his spiritual advisers; after which he engaged in silent prayer for a moment or two. The solemn procession to the gibbet was then formed, headed by the convict and the executioner, the rear being brought up by the magistrates and some members of the police force. Pritchard continued to walk with the same unflinching step he had at first exhibited, his gait being, if anything, more erect. Slowly, with steady step, he walked right up to the foot of the scaffold, head erect, but having the abstracted gaze of one whose thoughts were turned inwards. The warders, thinking he might need assistance up to the gibbet, here proffered, by sign, to help him, but taking no heed of them, he walked up himself, and for a moment or two standing on the gibbet as he confronted the crowd, then stepped up on the drop. The Revs. Mr. Oldham and Mr. Doran accompanied him to the top steps of the scaffold, where Mr. Oldham read aloud a prayer for the dying. While he read, Calcraft busied himself in adjusting the rope, which dangled from the beam above, around the neck of the convict, drew the white cap over his face with calm but quick and scrupulous care, examined the length of the rope, and finally fastened it to the cleat on the side of the gibbet; once more he turned to the convict, steadied him on the drop, and moved towards the bolt. A moment, and with a crash that shuddered through the air the drop fell. For an instant no motion was perceptible in the body, but a convulsive motion of the back and neck was soon apparent. He then swung quickly round, his whole frame quivering, and his hands working with a strong muscular action. The glove of his right hand, which he had taken off, dropped to the ground below. A brief motion was again perceptible in the upper part of the body, and he then hung still in death. His struggles, though violent, were but brief, lasting about two minutes. About three minutes after he fell, the body appeared again disturbed, but obviously with an involuntary muscular action, free from pain or consciousness.

The body after hanging the usual time was cut down and buried in the gaol.

In addition to the complete details of the execution of this criminal, which we published on Saturday, a report from Glasgow states that after an interval of three-quarters of an hour Calcraft ascended the scaffold and prepared to lower the body into the coffin underneath. His appearance was the signal for a mingled burst of hisses and cheers, the latter ultimately prevailing. Either from difference, or excited by the cries which greeted him, he lowered the body far too quickly, the result of which was that it came down with a crash, and broke the bottom of the coffin prepared for its reception. The body was immediately taken out and stretched on the ground by some of the joiners present, who afterwards as speedily as possible repaired the coffin. While this operation was being proceeded with, Calcraft coolly entered the interior of the scaffold, and catching hold of the body by the back of the neck, something in the same fashion as a butcher would take hold of a sheep, lifted it into a sitting position, and after removing the straps which bound the arms took off the cap which covered the face. The countenance did not present any unusual appearance. Like the

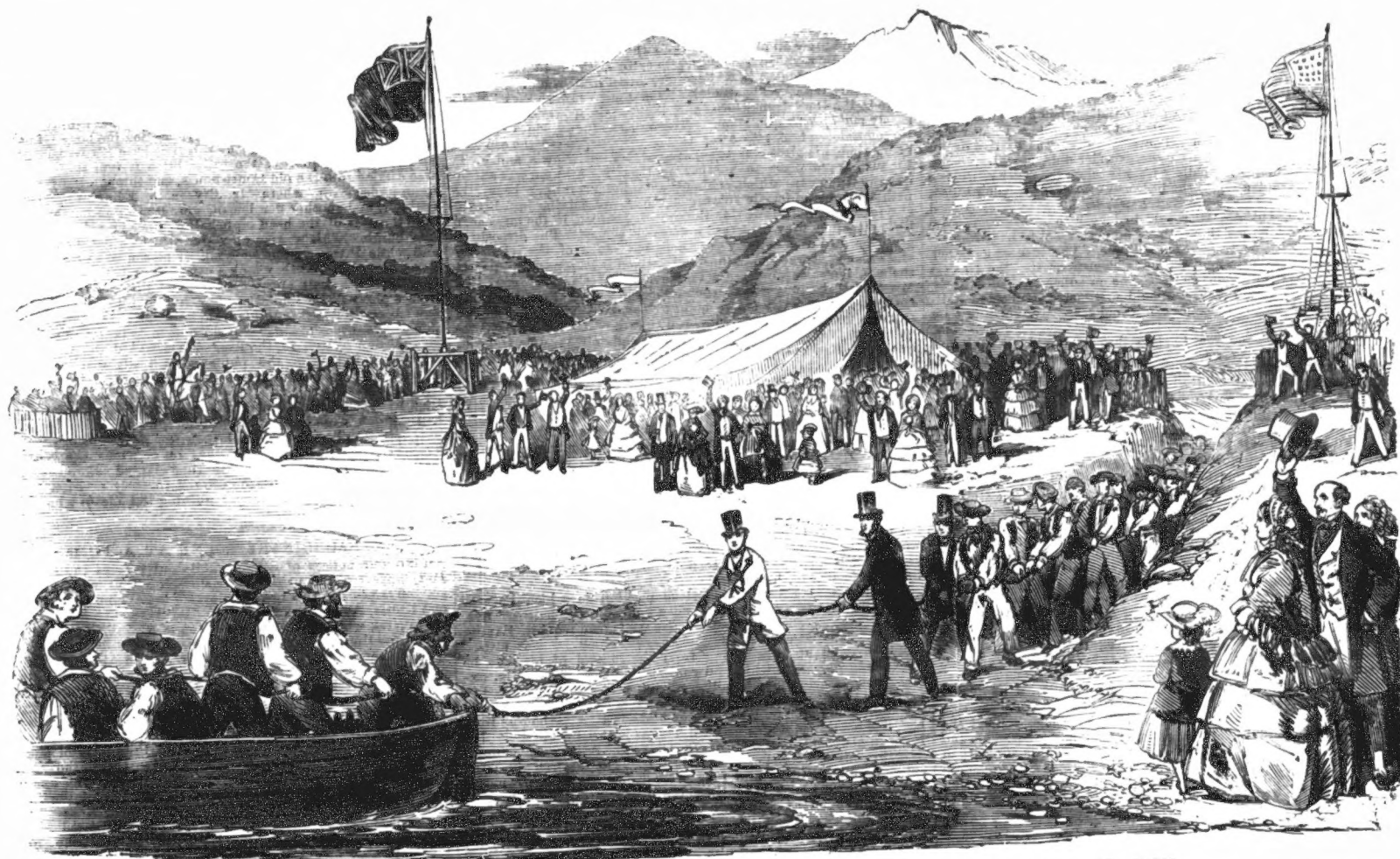
hands, it was ghastly pale, but there were no indications that the convict had undergone much suffering before death. Calcraft, after wrapping a handkerchief, which he took from the inside pocket of the deceased round the lower part of the face, removed the straps which bound the legs. On removing the rope from the neck of the corpse, which was not, so far as we observed, discoloured or swollen, he cut off a portion of it a little above the nose, and handed it to one of the head warders of the South Prison, who received it without remark. Calcraft having put his straps into his pocket, turned to leave the interior of the scaffold. Bailie Wilson asked if he was done, to which he gruffly responded in the affirmative, and walked away, leaving the body lying on the ground. The coffin having by this time been repaired, some of the joiners, at the request of the bailie, lifted it into the shell, which was carried into the old Court-house, and through the trap into the room underneath, where Mr. Bryson, of Edinburgh, Mr. Ewing, sculptor, and another gentleman, were in waiting for the purpose of taking a cast of the head on behalf of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. This was an operation which occupied about an hour, and while it was conducted, no careful phrenological measurement of Pritchard's skull, and are of opinion that the results, looked at from a phrenological point of view, harmonise with the facts which have been disclosed as to his real character. At the conclusion of this process the coffin was closed, so as to be in readiness for interment at one o'clock in the flagged court-yard, the burial place of felons. It is part of the punishment justly due to Pritchard's crimes that no respect was to be shown to his remains; and accordingly the rude deal coffin in which they were enclosed was dug for its reception, close beside that of Riley, the last murderer executed in Glasgow. The corpse was laid in the grave or hole, which was five feet in depth, with the clothes on it which the convict had worn on the gibbet. Some little time elapsed before the hole was filled up, and the flags were restored to their original place, but when this was done there was nothing to indicate what had just taken place.—Daily Paper.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT A FUNERAL. AMONG our notices of deaths on Saturday (says the Birmingham Post), appeared the name of Mr. Joseph Abbott, who, after living sixty-five years in this town, emigrated to Sandhurst, in the colony of Victoria, Australia, and recently died there. The proceedings at his funeral, which appear to have been of a strange, unseemly character, are thus described by a colonial paper:—"Yesterday afternoon the mortal remains of the late Mr. Joseph Abbott were buried at the White Hills Cemetery. The funeral was attended by a considerable number of Sandhurst citizens, among whom the deceased, even at his advanced age, had made many friends, by his simplicity of character, good heart, and sound sense. We regret to say that the funeral was not allowed to take place in that quiet grave, and decorous manner befitting the occasion. Priestly intolerance and sectarian differences, which cause such dissensions in the world, on this occasion chose the graveyard itself as the scene for exhibition. It appeared that the grave in which the remains of the deceased were to be interred was situated in the Church of England portion of the cemetery, by the side of the grave of his deceased wife. Mr. J. H. Abbott, their son, had purchased this portion of the ground at the death of his mother, as a family burying place. The deceased belonged to the Baptist persuasion, and the clergymen chosen to officiate on the occasion was the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of the Congregationalists. At the sexton's residence, where the hearse stopped, the mourners were confronted by an apparition in white, which turned out to be the Rev. Mr. Stephens, Church of England clergyman, arrayed in a surplice. He stated that, as the deceased was to be buried in the Church of England portion of the cemetery, it was his intention to read the burial service. He had a duty to perform; and, although it gave him pain to act in this way, he would discharge it. He refused to have anything to say to 'Dis-senting preachers, (this to the Rev. Mr. Taylor), and in answer to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher told him he was always interfering where he had no business. Mr. J. H. Abbott requested him, as he had made his protest, not to interfere any further—that his father did not belong to the Church of England, and that the ground he was to be buried in had been bought and paid for. If it was a question of the fee, that should be paid to serve any further wrangle. Several remonstrances were made by others among the mourners; but the rev. gentleman replied that he would discharge his duty, and that it was no question of fee, and began in a somewhat excited manner to recite the beautiful words, 'I am the resurrection and the life, &c.' The effect upon the spectators may be imagined. The incongruous association of sectarian rancour and dissension, and of a forcible intrusion of unseemly and distasteful services, with the language of a Christ, struck all with sorrow and disgust. The whole thing was a solemn mockery, and the very words, 'Whoso believeth in me shall have eternal life,' sounded like a special rebuke to this wretched display of sectarianism. The funeral procession moved on without paying any further attention to the reverend gentleman, who, however, marched in front, repeating the usual words, and at the grave went through the service, nearly all the mourners retiring until he had finished and taken his departure, followed by the sexton. Then the gentlemen present drew near the grave, into which the coffin had previously been lowered, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor read the burial service in use among those of his persuasion, concluding with a prayer. The mourners then retired, and thus ended a funeral ceremony characterised by a scene which would be discreditable to an uncivilized people. We trust that this community will not again be scandalized by a recurrence of it. We may mention that although the Rev. Mr. Stephens claimed to have the right to read the burial service over the body within the precincts of the Church of England portion, yet he proceeded to exercise it before he came to the ground."

EXTRAORDINARY ASSAULT.—A man named Wearne Ivey has been committed for trial by the Falmouth magistrates on a charge of running a large conger fishing hook through the nose of James Garland. The prisoner had been drinking. The barb had to be filed off before the hook could be extracted.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.—Last week one of the navvies employed on the Stone-down works, near Weston-super-Mare, was looking down over the "tip" when he espied a large fish close on the shingles at the foot of the rocks. With all speed he made his way to the spot, and the fish remained within arm's length of the edge of the water. The man, thinking he could pull it ashore, laid hold of its tail, but soon found that it had more power in its native element than he gave it credit for, and with a flap of its fins it pulled him knee deep into the water, and moreover turned upon him, showing a pair of huge jaws armed with three rows of teeth, which he savagely snapped at him. The navvy, however, was not to be scared so readily. Holding on by the tail of the creature, he sang out lustily to some of his comrades, and three others went to help to land the strange and really formidable fish. It was fortunate for the man that it did not succeed in biting him, for the fish was nothing less than a shark from five to six feet in length, and an arm or a leg would not be worth much if once fairly within the reach of its jaws. The first man who arrived at the spot seized hold of the dorsal fin. The monster now became more violent, and pulled the two men farther into the brine, and it was not until a third rendered assistance that they succeeded in dragging the fish ashore. The final struggle was fierce and exciting. The shark, finding that it could not bite the men, snapped at everything within its reach. Catching hold of a large pebble, it ground at it savagely, leaving the marks of its teeth in the solid stone, and breaking them with the violence of the effort.

THE OLD AND NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.



LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE NEW CABLE, AT VALENTIA BAY, ON THE 23RD OF JULY.

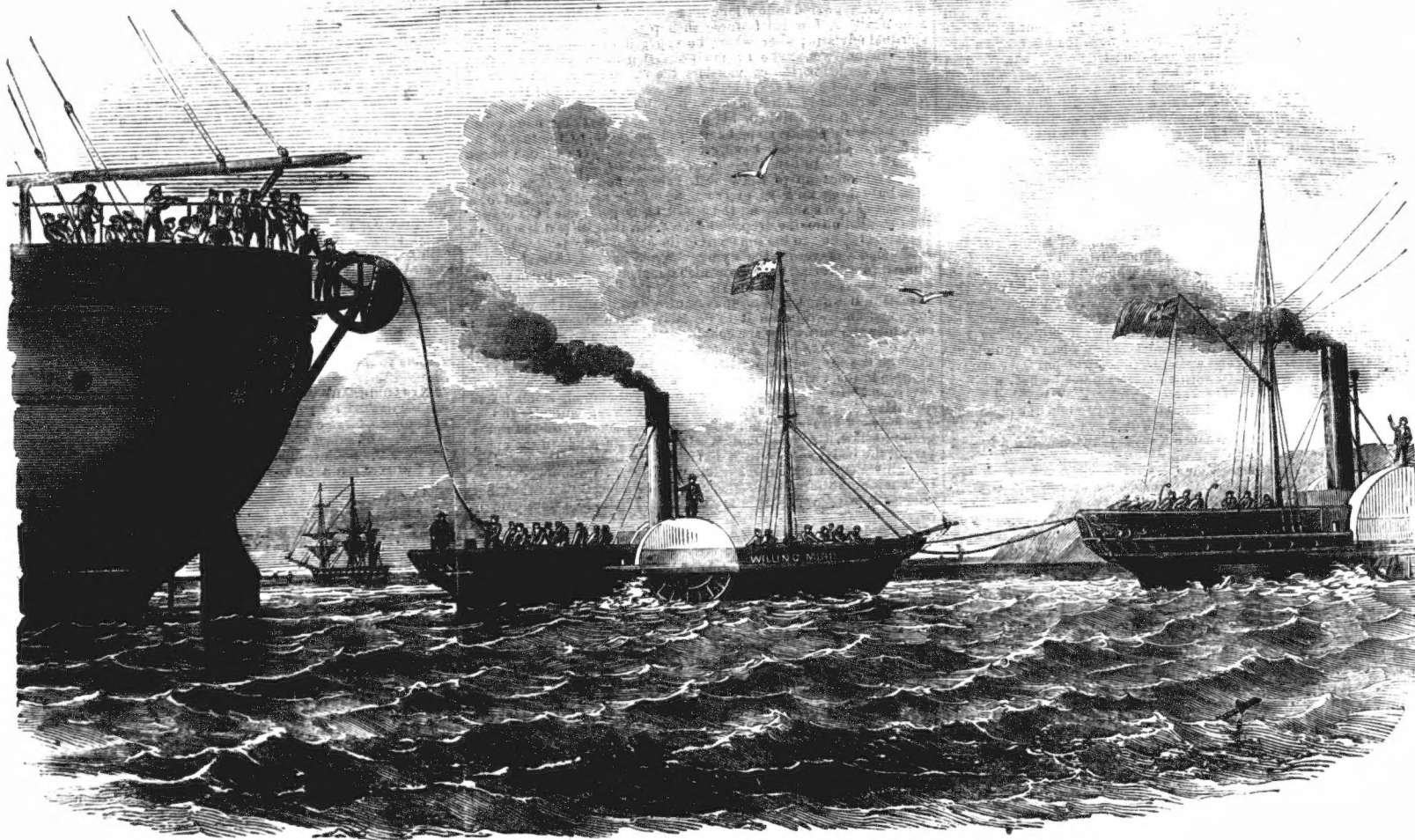
THE ATLANTIC CABLE EXPEDITION.

A LETTER from Valentia gives the following account of the landing of the shore-end of the Atlantic cable at Valentia on the 23rd of July, an illustration of which will be found above.

"In Follhommurrun Bay there assembled between three and four hundred men, picked from the finest peasantry in Europe, and capable of herculean labours if their capacity and willingness for work could have been safely tested by the capacity and recklessness with which they used their lungs. The Caroline got her mainmast unshipped, and was sent round on Thursday to Port Magee, which is the southern entrance to Valentia Harbour. Early in the morning, although the clouds lowered on the horizon, and the mists sailed densely over the mountain tops, and even kissed the higher

cliffs, the sea was calm and the wind very light, so the Caroline was backed into the bay above-named, and anchored so that her stern was about three hundred yards from the shore. High on each side rose the steep and beetling cliffs of a storm; and in exposure to the pitiless pelting of many an Atlantic storm; and in two places there wound down the face of the cliffs little zigzag paths made by the kelp gatherers. From either point, the bay presented a very pleasant picture soon after eight o'clock. And while the Caroline hardly moved to the gentle swell, the white steam floated lastly from her steam-pipe, and her decks were busy with energetic life. From right under her stern to the very shore there stretched two-and-twenty boats, from the smart cutter of the Great Eastern and the trim gig of the Coast-guard to the ordinary coast boat. Altogether there were some five and thirty boats engaged, and

there were, perhaps, eight or ten men in each boat. Here and there, from the stern, floated a bit of bunting; but for bunting, real or imitation, the place to look was the top of the cliff on the right. All the pocket handkerchiefs, and a good many of the brighter shawls of the countryside, had been pressed into service for the occasion; and the northern cliff was certainly very gay, while, on all directions, ragged but rosy children, who seemed to thrive on the fresh air and potatoes better than London youngsters do on the squares and the fat of the land, ran about and kept nervous people in perpetual fidget lest they should roll over the precipitous cliffs, and become food for crabs. A London child going where they went would have been smashed to pieces in five minutes; but they were guided by a surer instinct, and their mothers saw them running about where the grass feathers over the verge of the cliffs



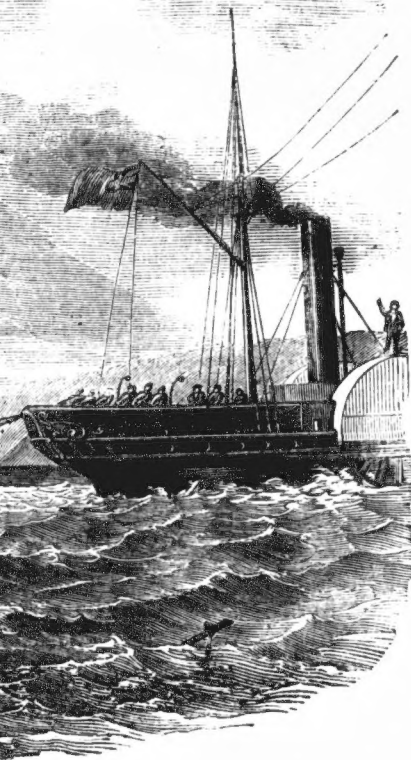
THE OLD CABLE TAKEN TO THE SHORE AT VALENTIA ISLAND.



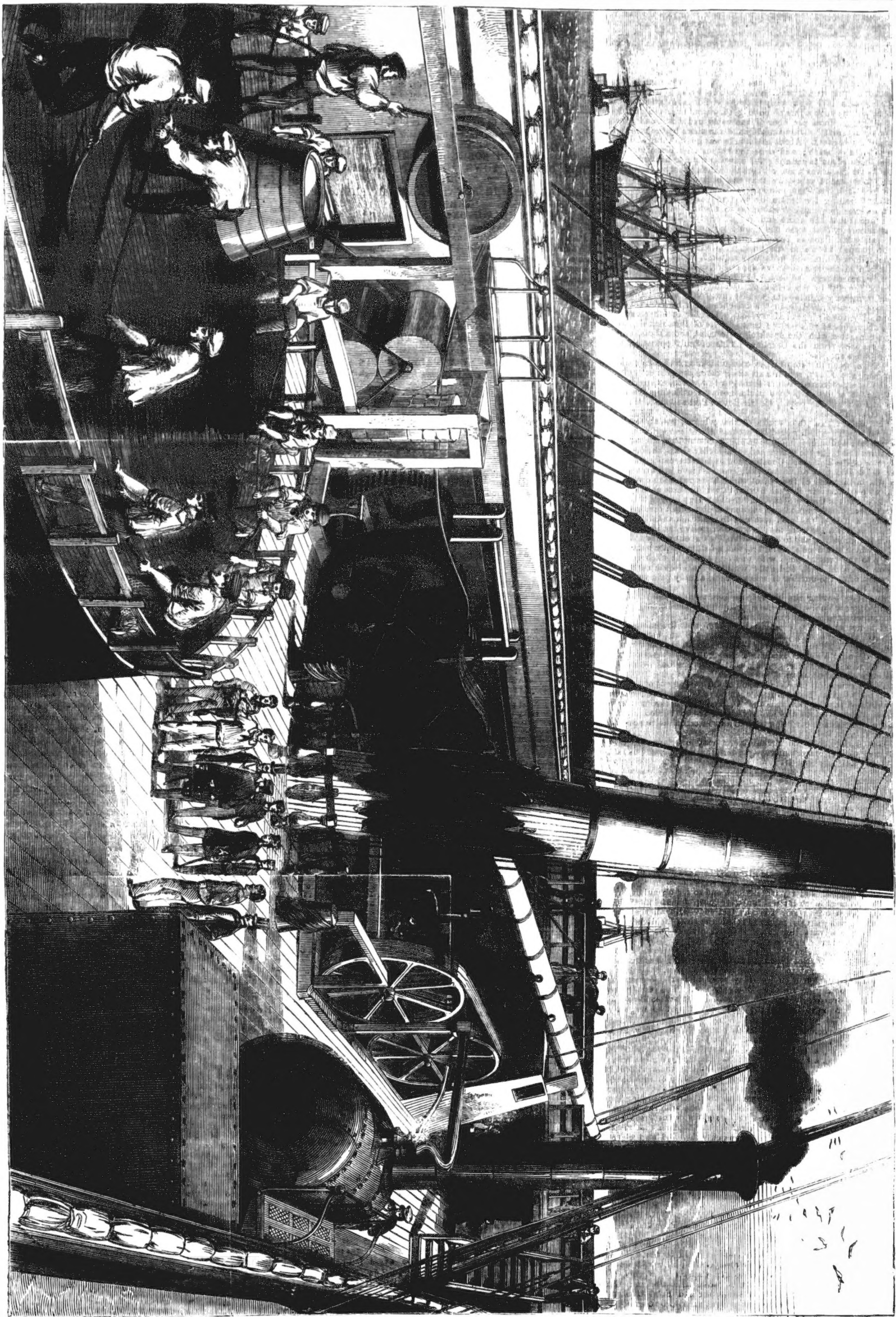


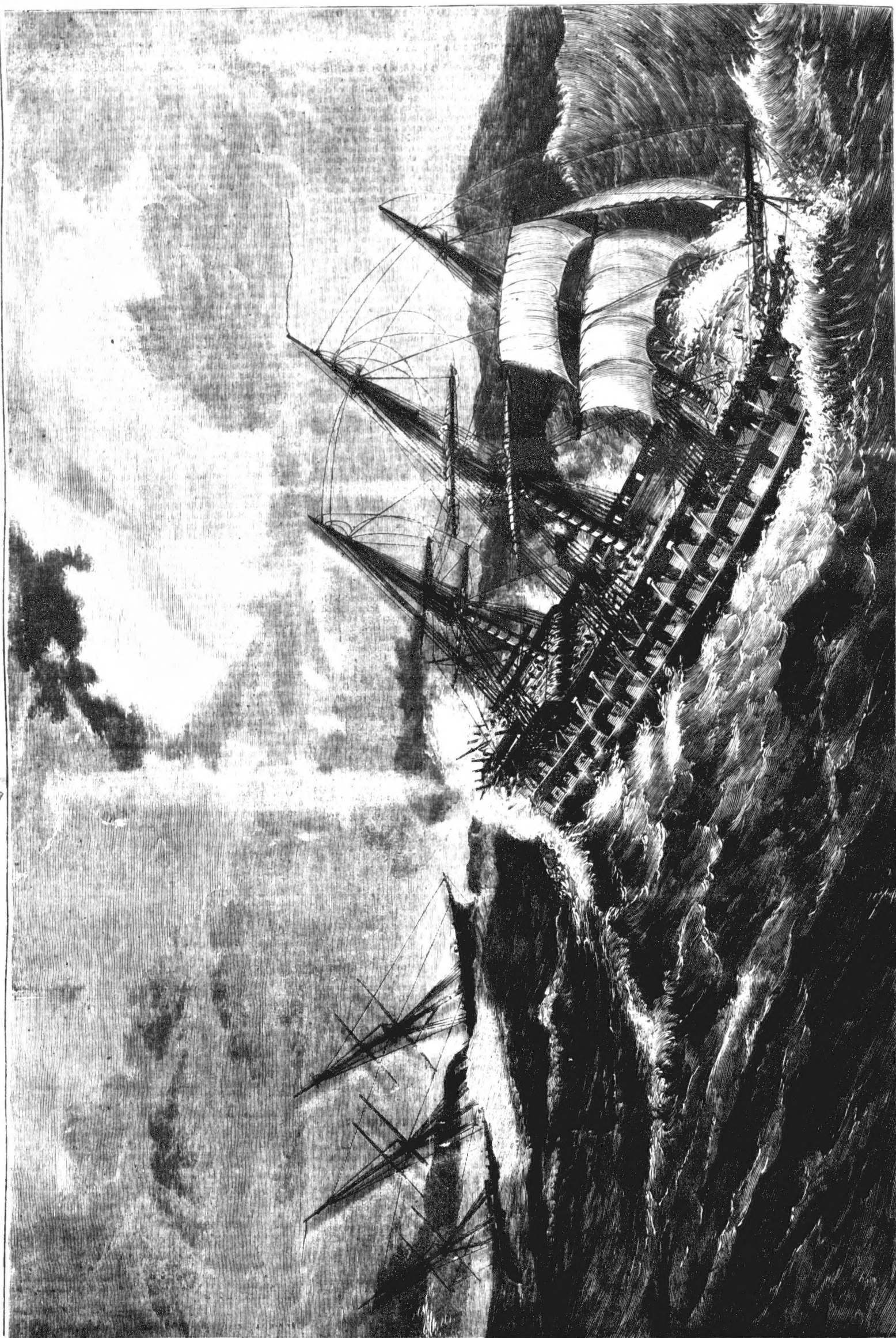
ND OF JULY.

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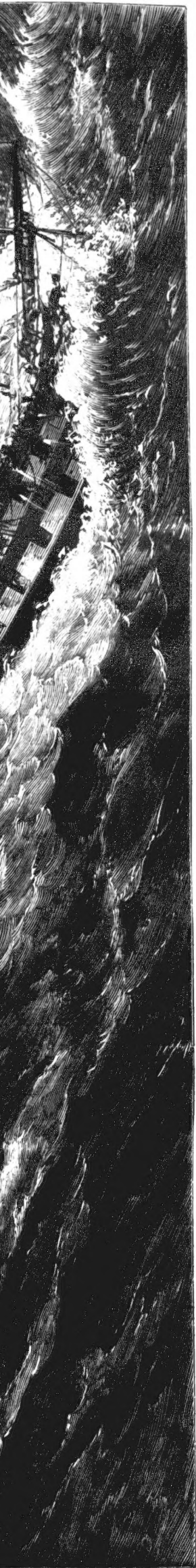
PAYING OUT THE OLD CABLE FROM THE U.S. VESSEL, NIAGARA. (See page 118)



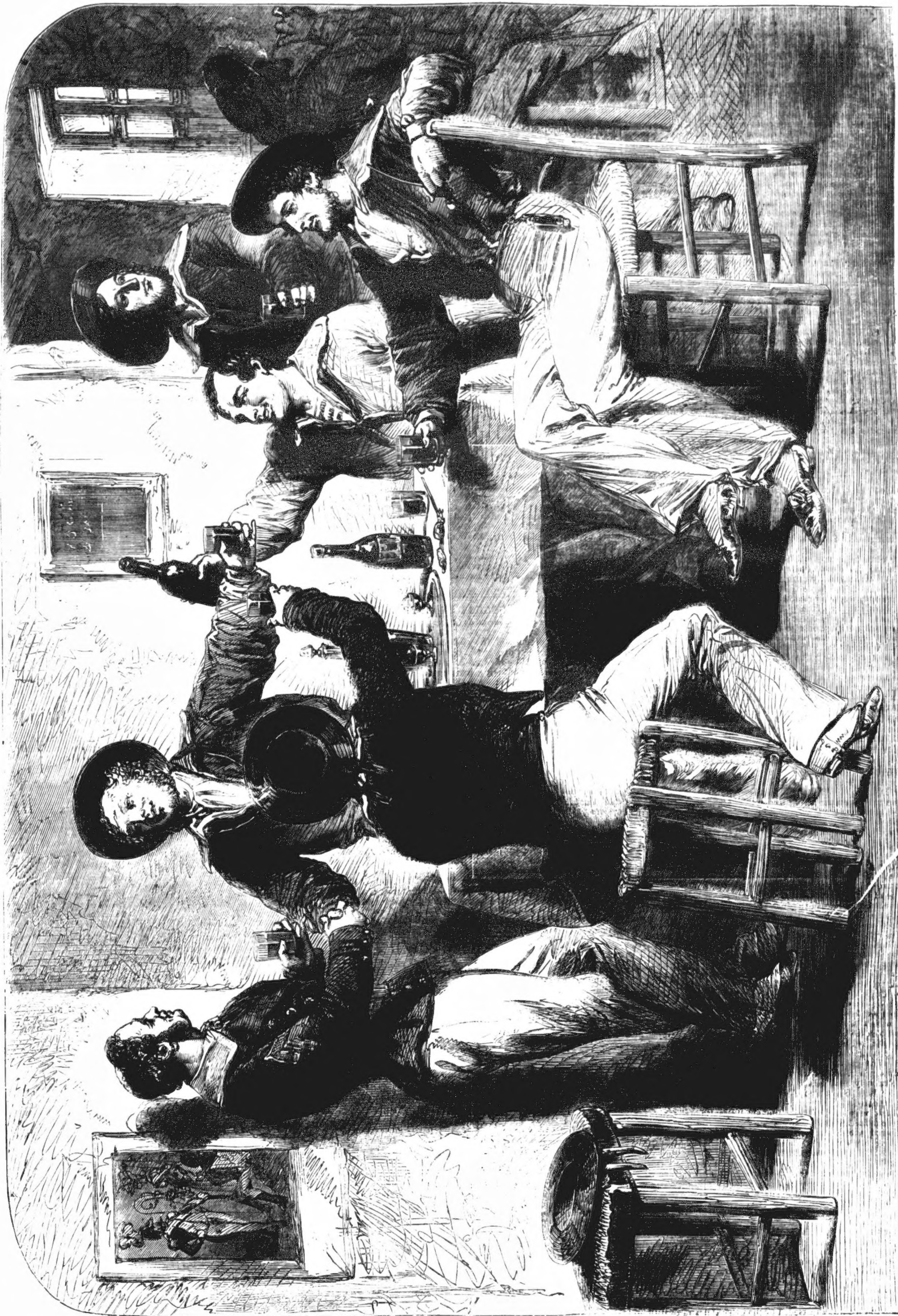


THE LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE—THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON IN A STORM. (See page 118.)





THE LAYING OF THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE.—THE NIAGARA AND AGAMEMNON IN A STORM. (See page 118.)



SAILORS OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS ON SHORE AT PLYMOUTH. (See page 119.)

POLICE COURT
GUILDHALL

DISORDERLY CONDUCT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—Alfred Barr, of Dakes-stead, Lincoln's-in-fields, was summoned, on behalf of the South-Western Railway Company, for unlawfully interfering with the comfort of certain passengers. Mr. Inglis Watson, a watchmaker, of North Andley-street, stated that on the evening of the 18th inst. he and his wife entered a train at Brentford Station. The defendant was in the carriage, lying on a seat, and immediately afterwards commenced smoking a pipe. The witness who had no objection to smoking. Witness told him that she had objected, as his wife was ill. The trial had scarcely left the station when the defendant said he should smoke. Witness declined to save any further controversy with him, but said he would have the matter settled at Waterloo. The defendant then commenced to annoy him, and offered him a piece of silver in order as a bribe to allow him to smoke. He also said that if he did not smoke and get bored, he would tell his name. He prevented witnesses from making any complaint at the stations at which the train stopped by pushing his head out of the carriage window. When persons entered the next compartment he called over to them and asked them whether they wished to smoke, saying, "Here's a lady," and then laughed. The annoyance lasted all the way to the Waterloo Station. The defendant said that he did not think it was worth paying a shilling fine. The magistrates thought it was intolerable that persons were so insulted in that way, and fined the defendant 4s. and 10s. costs. In default of paying the money he was committed to goal for one month's hard labour.



THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

LIBERALS.



RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. (E. LANCASHIRE)



COLONEL SYKES. (ABERDEEN)



HON. F. H. BERKELEY (BRISTOL)



W. E. BAXTER. (MONTROSE BURGHS)



J. G. DODSON. (E. SUSSEX)



W. A. MACKINNON. (RYE)



A. E. AYTON (TOWER HAMLETS)



W. COGAN. (KILDARE)

CONSERVATIVES.



RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI. (BUCKINGHAMSHIRE)



LORD STANLEY (LYNN)



SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART. (HERTFORDSHIRE)



SIR FITZROY KELLY. (E. SUFFOLK)



SIR B. BRIDGES, BART. (E. KENT)



COLONEL WILSON PATTEN. (N. LANCASHIRE)



JAMES WHITESIDE. (DUBLIN UNIVERSITY)



SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART. (DROITWICH)



Literature.

BEATRICE'S PUN.

"It can't be true, Beatrice."

"What—that I am to marry Chauncey that you stand there, white with amazement, marry him? Do you think I will give up my life for him? I am accustomed, when, by marrying him, I know how to be poor, and I don't mean to be so."

Beatrice Delaney flung the heavy shawl from her shoulders with an impatient gesture, and her face turned quite away from her sister.

It was a dainty place—that boudoir; and hung with two or three exquisite pictures, moss strewn with roses, and the window curtains of crimson silk. There were softly-cushioned tables variously littered; and upon one of them contents sparkled with rainbow lustre as the sunbeams fell upon them.

Beatrice Delaney fitted the apartment. Her morning dress of maroon, with quilted collar and full train, and when she came from the stumbrous lustre of her eyes, it was of sunlight. She stood looking silently turning upon her white forehead a ring to look at her like an eye of fire.

A plainer ring lay upon the table, a little hand trembled as she picked it up, crying, "Oh, sister, I would not have been so foolish."

Beatrice turned abruptly, her velvet dress of maroon, her eyes, her lips, her expression of Clara's sweet face, fell to the unpretending circle that once perfection of earthly bliss—once, when a finger, with passionate kisses. How was her fidelity.

Clara caught the shadowy thought on a good angel, gliding near, she took softly tried to exchange the diamond ring.

But Beatrice repulsed her angrily, the brightness of her sister's curling tresses, the darkness of her own, she said—

"See here, Clara, I loved Sutton; if I have married him, I should have been my own right to have kept my luxury all the time; I could never be happy in poverty. I have promised to be Chauncey Bryan's wife."

"And do you think you will be happy?"

"Don't preach, Clara," Beatrice said, shuddering; "it is enough that I am satisfied."

Her eye sparkled as it fell on the jewelled ring. "Look, you little censor! Did you beautiful?"

It is Chauncey's betrothal gift. Clara's lovely face flushed hotly of the costly gift reposing upon the velvet case.

"You don't deserve the love of so good a man," she said passionately. "Oh! I am capable of appreciating him."

"It is evident he will not have to amends to him for my obtuseness," Beatrice said, colouring deeply, but not replying to the question.

Sutton Leigh had been out of town some back ignorant of much that had happened in his absence.



E. BAXTER. (MONTROSE BURGHs)



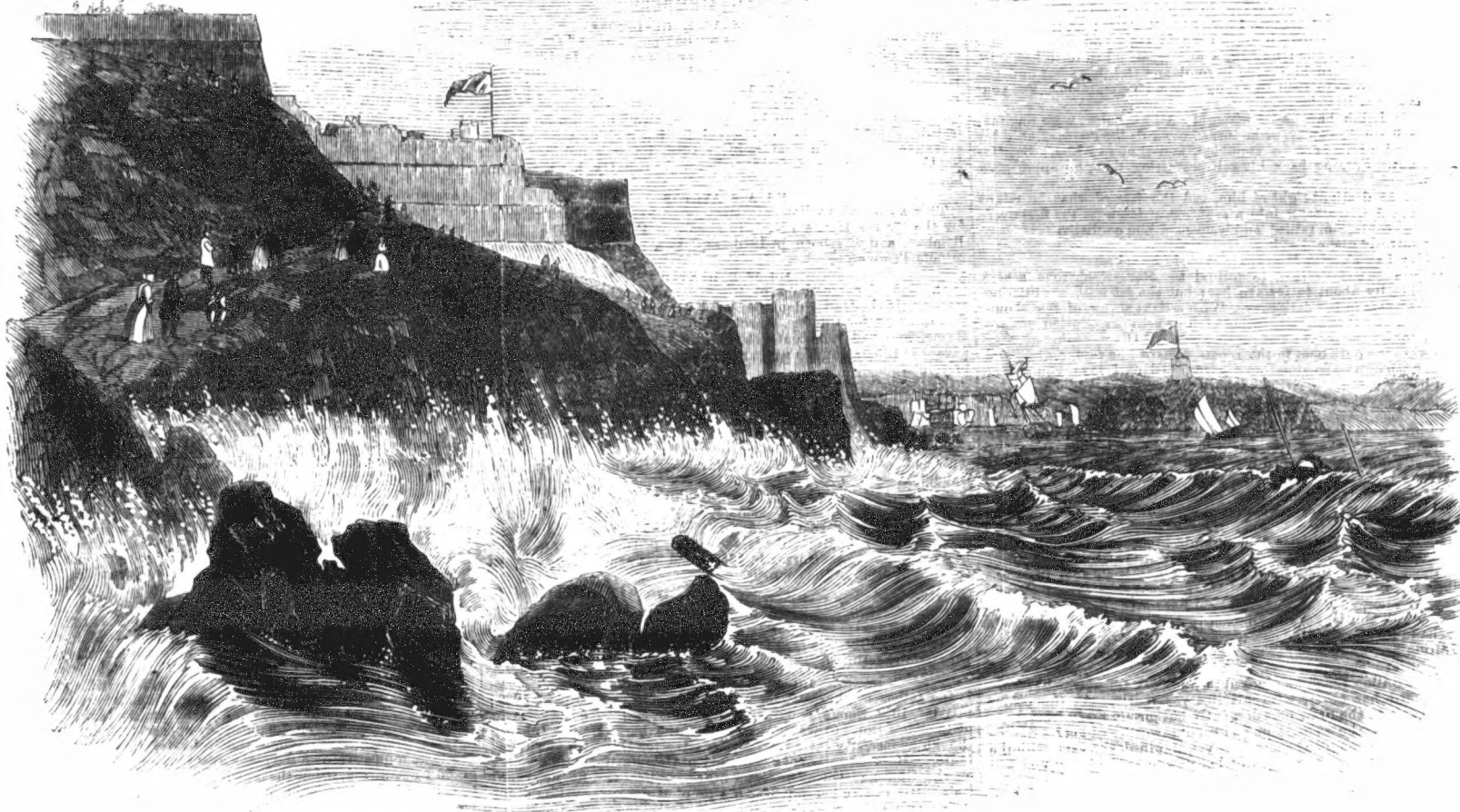
W. COGAN. (KILDARE)



SIR FITZROY KELLY. (E. SUFFOLK)



SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART. (DROITWICH.)



PLYMOUTH CITADEL VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. (See page 122.)

Literature.

BEATRICE'S PUNISHMENT.

"It can't be true, Beatrice."

"What—that I am to marry Chauncy Bryan? It is as true as that you stand there, white with amazement. Why should I not marry him? Do you think I will give up all this luxury to which I am accustomed, when, by marrying him, I can keep it. I don't know how to be poor, and I don't mean to learn, if I can help it."

Beatrice Delancy flung the heavy silk curtain away from the window with an impatient gesture, and stood looking out with her face turned quite away from her sister.

It was a dainty place—that boudoir; the walls tinted delicately, and hung with two or three exquisite pictures, the carpet like wood moss strewn with roses, and the windows gleamingly draped with crimson silk. There were softly-cushioned easy-chairs, and inlaid tables variously littered; and upon one an open jewel-case, whose contents sparkled with rainbow lustre as the light struck them.

Beatrice Delancy fitted the apartment as much as it became her. Her morning dress of maroon, with quilted white facings, fell about her tall form in regal folds; and when she lifted those lanky lashes from the slumberous lustre of her eyes, it was like a too sudden flash of sunlight. She stood looking silently from the window, slowly turning upon her white forefinger a ring, whose single stone seemed to look at her like an eye of fire.

A plainer ring lay upon the table, among the glitter. Clare's little hand trembled as she picked it up, glancing at the other, and crying, "Oh, sister, I would not have believed it of you!"

Beatrice turned abruptly, her velvet cheek paling as she met the reproachful expression of Clare's sweet brown eyes, and let her own fall to the unpretending circlet that once had symbolized to her the perfection of earthly bliss—once, when the fond giver put it on her finger, with passionate kisses. How would he receive the news of her falsity.

Clare caught the shadowy thought on the beautiful face, and, like a good angel, gliding near, she took Beatrice's hand in hers, and softly tried to exchange the diamond ring for the other.

But Beatrice repulsed her angrily, and then bending till the brightness of her sister's curling tresses rippled against the jetty darkness of her own, she said—

"See here, Clare, I loved Sutton; if papa had not failed I should have married him. I should have been rich enough then in my own right to have kept my luxury all the same. We are both poor now; I could never be happy in poverty, even with him. So I have promised to be Chauncy Bryan's wife."

"And do you think you will be happy so?" Clare asked, indignantly.

"Don't preach, Clare," Beatrice said, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders; "it is enough that I am satisfied."

Her eye sparkled as it fell on the jewel-case.

"Look, you little censor! Did you ever see anything half so beautiful? It is Chauncy's betrothal gift."

Clare's lovely face flushed hotly as she caught the glitter of the costly gift reposing upon the velvet cushions of the jewel case.

"You don't deserve the love of so noble a heart as Sutton Leigh's!" she said passionately. "Oh! why did he love one so incapable of appreciating him?"

"It is evident he will not have to look far for one to make amends to him for my obtuseness," Beatrice said, sarcastically. Colouring deeply, but not replying, Clare rose and left the room.

Sutton Leigh had been out of town more than a month, and came back ignorant of much that had transpired during his absence.

"Terrible smash-up, that of Delancy's," remarked a friend with whom he fell in company on the way to his hotel.

"Smash-up—Delancy?" exclaimed Leigh, interrogatively, his heart thrilling at the name.

"Oh! haven't you heard? Complete tumble. The firm won't be able to pay two and sixpence in the pound."

Sutton sprang up-stairs to his room, almost tearing open the door in his frantic haste, and creating the most wonderful commotion when he got there, among various toilet apparatus—brushing and towelling, and generally repairing the wear and tear which the journey had created in his person.

"Poor child," he soliloquized meanwhile, "I'll go right over. That's the reason I haven't heard. I'm glad I didn't tell anybody what I was going after when I went away. Little she suspects—the darling—what surprise I've got in store for her. To think that Uncle Mack should drop off just now, and leave the graceless nephew he never set eyes on heir to all his money. Poor old boy! I'd like to have him alive though, to see how happy it has made me—the money of course," he added, with a laugh, as he donned hat and overcoat again and plunged downstairs, and away Beatrice-ward, still soliloquizing as he went:—

"I wonder how Delancy came to break. May be, now, a thousand or so would put him on his feet again. I'll sound Beatrice, and if it will—"

The rest of the thought lost itself in the ting-a-ring of the door-bell, as running up the steps, he gave it an energetic pull.

Clare Delancy opened the door for him—there was no servant to do it. She shrank, her face changing to snow in its pallor, as she recognised him.

"Ah, Miss Clare, I am glad to see you," Sutton said, with frank cordiality, extending his hand.

She gave him hers mechanically, and led the way to the parlour unable to utter a word. The parlour was dismantled already of its sumptuous furnishings—indeed, there had been a sale only the day before, of the house and its appurtenances; they were only staying in it on sufferance. Sutton's face changed as he saw.

"This way, if you please, Mr. Leigh," Clare managed to say presently, leading the way to what had formerly been the library, and which, though stripped like the parlours, had a chair left for him to sit upon.

Misinterpreting the pallor of Clare's face, he said, kindly, "I am very sorry this should have occurred during my absence from the city. How does Beatrice bear it?"

Clare could almost hear the throbbing of her own heart.

"Beatrice!" she stammered. "Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Nothing has happened to her?" he asked, turning pale.

"Oh, Mr. Leigh, I am so sorry!" Clare cried.

"Will you not tell me what you mean?" he said.

Clare turned her face away.

"Beatrice was married a week ago to Mr. Bryan."

"Married!" Sutton Leigh sat down with a sickly smile. "You are facetious this morning, Miss Clare."

"I thought you knew," she said, wringing her hands at sight of his appalled face. There is something so terrible in the sight of a man so conquered by grief.

"Can it be true?"

"God knows I wish it were not, but it is."

Sutton Leigh sat many moments, neither moving nor speaking. The blow seemed to have stunned him. He went away presently, with a cold good morning to Clare, and as the door closed behind him she knelt by the chair he had quitted, sobbing vehemently.

Some vague doubt started up suddenly in Sutton's brain, and he turned back for its solution and saw her.

"Miss Clare," he said, with a start, "I hope these tears are not for me?"

She got up, blushing frightfully, but unable to speak, and wringing her hand, he left the house.

Matters proved not quite so desperate with Mr. Delancy as had been at first supposed. There was a terrible tangle somehow, which Gordian knot, very much to everybody's surprise, and especially to that of Mr. Delancy, Sutton Leigh came forward and dissolved, as Samson did his bonds. In some inexplicable manner Mr. Delancy found himself upon his feet again, with Sutton Leigh as his partner. Perhaps Sutton thought thus to heap coals of fire upon Beatrice's head, and possibly his generosity was a sort of offering to Clare's tears.

Beatrice heard, in the midst of her honeymoon, that the man she had loved, but jilted for his poverty, had turned out rich enough to lift the fallen firm of Delancy and Co. bodily, and place it on a stronger base than ever as Delancy and Leigh. It must have been pleasant news to her.

Mrs. Chauncy Bryan was home from her bridal trip, and quenching it more imperiously than ever in the world of ton. Nobody set up such brilliant and unanswerable claims to bellefship as she. Chauncy Bryan, Esq., was very proud of his beautiful wife, which was a great deal more than she was of him.

He was a wonderfully dapper little man, something under five feet, trotting meekly in the wake of his magnificent lady, and always in such a sleek and untroubled state of preservation as to give one the idea that madame kept him in a handbox when not on exhibition. Sutton Leigh met her quietly enough. If either were agitated, it was not he.

Beatrice was enough affected by his composure, the seeming unconsciousness of his greeting, to long with a feverish desire to know if he had indeed banished her image so soon and so easily from his heart. Beatrice Bryan could be as fascinating as Beatrice Delancy, she said to herself; and bent the dangerous lustre of her great, beautiful eyes upon her former lover.

Can any one wonder if Sutton Leigh, with his wounds so fresh, thought within himself, "This woman who has wronged me so loves me still; I will punish her."

It was true. Beatrice loved him all the more because she was now for ever severed from him; and he avoided her, or yielded apparently to the spells that had lured him once, just enough to stir the woman's passion for conquest and blow the old flame to a blaze that it would be strange if she passed through unscathed.

Little she suspected how hateful she had grown to him, or how deep was the revenge he proposed tasting.

Sutton Leigh was strangely changed from the frank, genial young fellow he had been in those days when she was his promised wife. Her falsehood and deceit, the heartlessness with which she had forsaken him, rankled in his bosom like poisoned arrows. He had lost all love for her; but he had been wounded in a vital part, his faith in woman ruthlessly wrenched away from him, and he filled the void with thoughts of the atonement she should make for the wrong she had done. He taught Beatrice to thrill at the tones of his voice, as he had once at sound of hers. He taught those long, lanky lashes to droop beneath the language of his glance, her hand to tremble upon his arm, and he tasted his revenge, drop by drop, finding, possibly, in its sweetness compensation for the manhood he was bartering for the draught.

Clare Delancy had been ill at first a long time, and then from choice had absented herself from the gay circles her sister queened it over. But suddenly she resumed her position in society.

Sutton Leigh was glad to see her. She was the first woman he had been glad to see since the morning she told him Beatrice was married. Somehow, into the feverish bitterness that filled him now-a-days, this soft-eyed Clare came like a dewy calm. It was like dreams of boyhood to watch her pure, pale face, and he felt always better for a touch of her cool, white, little hand.

Beatrice was fiercely jealous at once; and he did not like it. Though he had spared no pains to stir her jealousy of others, he shrank from having her feel so towards little Clare, the pure, fair child. She really seemed but a child to him.

Clare saw how it was with Beatrice—not suspecting all, but

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